

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAK'D FOR SKEECH."—SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.

PARIS, (ME.).....THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1824.

NO. 20.

THE OBSERVER

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From Washington Irving's New Work.

THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER.

[CONCLUDED.]

Such according to the most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband; but though a female scold is considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it. She must have died quite however; from the part that remained unoccupied. Indeed, it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and several handfuls of hair that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodsman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders, as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper-clawing—"Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it."

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his wife; for he was little of a philosopher. He even felt something like gratitude towards the black woodsman, who he considered had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a further acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old black legs, layed shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for; he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to any thing rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening in his usual dress, with his axe on his shoulder, sauntering along the edge of the swamp, and humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advances with great indifference, made brief replies, and went on humming his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition that need not be mentioned, being generally understood in all cases where the devil grants favors; but there were others about which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in his service. He proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in the black traffic, that is to say, that he should fit out a slave ship. This, however, Tom absolutely refused; he was bad enough in all conscience; but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave dealer.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not insist upon it, but proposed instead that he should turn usurer; the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people.

To this no objections were made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish," said Tom Walker.

"You shall lend money at two per cent a month."

"Egad, I'll charge four!" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchant to bankruptcy—"

"I'll drive him to the d—l," cried Tom Walker.

"You are the usurer for my money!" said the black legs, with delight.

"When will you want the rhino?"

"This very night."

"Done!" said the devil.

"Done!" said Tom Walker. So they shook hands and struck a bargain.

A few days' time saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting-house in Boston. His reputation for a ready money man, who would lend money out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad. Every body remembers the days of Governor Belcher, when money was particularly scarce. It was a time for paper credit. The country had been deluged with government bills; the famous Land Bank had been established; there had been a rage for speculating; the people had run mad with schemes for new settlements; for building cities in the wilderness; land jobbers went about with maps of grants and townships and Eldorados, lying nobody knew where, but which every body was ready to purchase. In a word, the great speculating fever which breaks out every now and then in the country, had raged to an alarming degree, and every body was dreaming of making sudden fortunes from nothing. As usual, the fever had subsided; the dream had gone off and the imaginary fortunes with it; the patients were left in doleful plight, and the whole country resounded with the consequent cry of "hard times."

At this propitious time of public distress did Tom Walker set up as a usurer in Boston. His door was soon thronged by customers. The needy and the adventurous; the gambling speculator; the dreaming land jobber; the thriftless tradesman; the merchant with cracked credit; in short, every one driven to raise money by desperate means and desperate sacrifices, hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and he acted like a "friend in need;" that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distress of the applicant was the hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and mortgages; gradually squeezed his customers closer and closer; and sent them, at length, dry as a sponge from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand; became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon change. He built himself, as usual, a vast house, out of ostentation; but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fullness of his vain glory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it, and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched on the axle trees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend; and set his wits to work to cheat him out of the conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent church goer. He prayed loudly and strenuously as if heaven were to be taken by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week, by the clamor of his Sunday devotion. The quiet Christians who had been modestly and steadfastly travelling Zionward, were struck with self reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new made convert. Tom was as rigid in religious as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbors, and seemed to think that every sin entered up to their account became a credit on his own side of the page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of quakers and anabaptists. In a word, Tom's zeal became as notorious as his riches.

Still in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares therefore, it is said he always carried a small bible in his coat pocket. He also had a great folio bible on his counting-house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when people called on business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles on the book, to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack brained in his old days, and that fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled and buried with his feet uppermost; because he supposed that at the last day the world would be turned upside down; in which case he should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wife's fable. If he really did take such a precaution it was totally superfluous; at least so says the authentic old legend which closes his story in the following manner.

One hot afternoon in the dog days, just as a terrible black thunder-gust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting house in his white linen cap and Indian silk morning gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage by which he would complete the ruin of an unhappy land speculator for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land jobber begged him to grant a few months' indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined and brought upon the parish," said the land jobber. "Charity

begins at home," replied Tom; "I must take care of myself in these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety—"The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing!"

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you're come for!" said the black fellow gruffly. Tom shrunk back, but too late. He had left his little bible at the bottom of his coat pocket, and his big bible on the desk buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose; never was sinner taken more unawares. The black man whisked him like a child astride the horse and away he galloped in the midst of a thunder storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears, and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker dashing down the streets; his white cap bobbing up and down; his morning gown fluttering in the wind and his steed striking fire out of the pavement at every bound. When the clerks turned to look for the black man he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman who lived on the borders of the swamp, reported that in the height of the thunder-gust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs and howling along the road, and that when he ran to the window, he just caught sight of a figure, such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like a mad devil across the fields, over the hills and down into the black hemlock swamp towards the old Indian fort; and that shortly after a thunder bolt fell in that direction which seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but had been so much accustomed to witches and goblins, and tricks of the devil in all kinds of shapes, from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill gotten wealth. Let all griping money brokers lay the story to heart. The truth of it is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak trees, from whence he dug Kid's money is to be seen to this day; and the neighboring swamp and the old Indian fort is often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in a morning gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact the story has resolved itself into a proverb, and is the origin of that popular saying, prevalent through New-England, of "The Devil and Tom Walker."

ADVENTURE OF A NIGHT.

I was travelling with a view to collect the outstanding accounts of several extensive mercantile establishments in Philadelphia, and had in my possession notes to a large amount, when, in the prosecution of my journey homeward, I was obliged to remain at a rude and somewhat disorderly public house for several hours, in consequence of a violent storm, and when the weather allowed me again to travel I found myself thirty miles from Harrisburg, the point I had calculated on reaching that day, and that I had but about an hour's sun remaining. I preferred the hazard of the road however, to a lodging at such a place, and accordingly set forward on my way. By inquiry I discovered, before I set out, that a mail who had formerly followed the seas, and against whom I had a small bill, resided a few miles from the main road, and that by going that distance out of the way I could call on him. The bill had been reckoned a lost one and I determined to see him if possible. I reached his house just about sundown, and found him at home. He was a large, ferocious looking, weather-beaten man, with a dark, lowering brow, huge red whiskers and a rough and forbidding address. He examined the bill a moment—acknowledged its correctness—and told me if I could change a fifty dollar note, he would discharge it. I replied I could without hesitation, and he brought the note, but held it in his hand, waiting for the change. Then, and not till then I recollected, that to make up the sum, I should have to resort to my large pocket book and expose all the money I had, not having a sufficiency in the small one, I carried for the purpose of changing, in my vest pocket. I paused a moment, but considering that my horse was tolerably fleet, I determined to run the hazard whatever it might be, of tempting him by the exhibition of the cash I had by me. I unfolded roll after roll, and he looked on with an eye of apparent anxious curiosity. The change was counted down—he produced the note—I saw at first glance it was a goun-

terfeit, and told him so. He betrayed, I thought a kind of forced surprise at this declaration—but soon rejoined that if I would remain with him for the night, he would set immediately off, return the note to the person of whom he received it, and procure the sum I wanted.

My suspicions had been already somewhat awakened; it seemed plain that his offer of payment was either made with the intent to pass on me a spurious note, or to ascertain what money I had; indeed the last presumption appeared the strongest from the circumstance that the note was so wretchedly executed that he could, I thought, have had small hope of its being taken. The question now was, however, should I run the venture and remain, or attempt to reach another lodging, which I knew I could not find in a shorter distance than nine miles, and lose entirely the amount of his debt. I looked at his wife, his children, and the situation of things around—these all tended to dissipate my suspicions—his family looked respectable, and appeared kind and amiable—all things were in regular order; I remembered too that I had a pair of excellent pistols well prepared for service—I was young, and soon persuaded myself that my suspicions were all childish. I resolved to remain, and my horse was hastily put up. Immediately after which the stranger mounted a small sorrel, and galloped off, as he said to get his note exchanged.

I had not been long in the house however before the woman excited anew my doubts as to the intentions of my host. She inquired whether I was armed—whether I carried any money in my portmanteau—where I had been in the neighborhood and a hundred similar questions—to all of which I answered with promptness, not choosing to betray any reserve as that might make matters worse—I waited anxiously for the man's return, debating with myself whether I would not frame some excuse for journeying on, as soon as he returned—he was to have been in by nine in the evening.—But eleven o'clock came. The family seemed all weary of sitting up, and I finally gave up the point and yielded to the frequent intimation that I could retire, and was shown to my chamber. When left here to myself, I examined into my situation in regard to the means of escape, if an escape should be necessary. I found I was literally in prison.—The windows were firmly nailed down, and the sash remarkably strong—the only door was that by which I entered, it separated my room from the chamber, in which it appeared to me, all the family slept. It was fastened by a wooden latch on the outside, and I took notice that there was a string on the inside when I entered by which the latch could be raised.—This the woman pulled through after her when she shut the door and left me, leaving me no means of opening it, or indeed of getting out of the room under any circumstance without the application of great force. I sat down and reflected awhile on all these transactions—all my suspicions came back—presently I heard the trample of a horse—and directly after, as I thought, the voices of two men in the yard—they entered the house, and a long and constant conversation was carried on, in a low tone, which I could not hear distinct enough to catch a single word, with one exception, when one of the men, raising his voice a little, said with emphasis—"at all events we must make sure of him in some way"—a declaration that might have reference to me or might not.

I was alarmed—I picked my pistol flint and examined the loading—threw off my coat only—and extinguishing the light, laid down with my pistols under my pillow a hand grasping each, and my money between the bolster and bed. In that situation, so great was my fatigue, that I fell almost immediately asleep, and did not wake until something hard under my shoulders roused me—one of my pistols had slipped down, and I was laying on it—I replaced it more cautiously. But at this moment a whispering in the next room alarmed me—I listened and listened—the wind was blowing without; and fifty times I fancied I heard the latch lifted, and grasped my pistols for a fire. At last however it died away. The heat now almost suffocated me.—I rose, undressed entirely, and again laid down; an hour passed, and I again fell asleep. When I woke it was by a gentle rapping at the door, and a call, "Sir, will you please to get up to breakfast."

Never will I forget my joy—it seemed like a resurrection from the dead; for had an attack been made upon me in the utter darkness of the night I know I should have had a slim chance, armed as I was, against two fearless desperadoes. I hastened down; every face I met was cheerful and happy; the man paid me my money; he had really been deceived in the note, and had found some difficulty in getting it exchanged, which was the cause of his late retention the night before. His oldest son had come home with him; and the good woman told me very kindly that she feared I had been disturbed, as the old man and his son had set up very late examining into and arranging some accounts they had against a fellow who had recently become insolvent in the neighborhood.

OBSERVER.

PARIS.....THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1824.

The November term of the Court of Common Pleas, for this County, will commence at the Court-House, in this village, on Tuesday next.

The electors in the several States, which we have heard from, will probably give the following votes :

	Adams.	Crawford.	Jackson.	Clay.
Maine,	9	00	00	00
Massachusetts,	15	00	00	00
New-Hampshire,	8	00	00	00
Vermont,	7	00	00	00
Connecticut,	3	00	00	00
Pennsylvania,	00	00	23	00
New-Jersey,	00	00	8	00
Virginia,	00	24	00	00

We have been politely favored with an abstract of a journal of the weather, growth of vegetation, &c. from which we shall occasionally present extracts to our readers. It commences in 1800. We here give the time of the falling of the first snow in the fall of every year since that time, except 1821 and 1822 :

1800,	October	20	1812,	October	13
—1,	do.	19	—13,	do.	5
—2,	do.	27	—14,	do.	7
—3,	do.	19	—15,	do.	24
—4,	September	30	—16,	do.	6
—5,	October	22	—17,	do.	10
—6,	do.	14	—18,	do.	23
—7,	do.	17	—19,	do.	13
—8,	September	27	—20,	do.	25
—9,	November	4	—23,	Septem.	30
—10,	October	11	—24,	October	31
—11,	do.	25			

By the following communication, our readers will perceive, that the humble editor of this paper is the chief subject of the writer's remark, and, perhaps, we may add, *censure*. But, as it is very foreign to our intentions to engage in petty controversy with any person, through the columns of the *Observer*, we shall only observe, in justification of the remarks made by us, on a former occasion, upon the "performance" of "Honestus," that, we think, "Turner" has put upon them a construction by no means inferable from their tenor; and, in corroboration of this statement, we invite our readers to review the communication, in question, of "Honestus," and the editorial remarks thereon, both of which are contained in our paper of Sept. 23—by which, it will be seen that no opinion was advanced by us in favor of the correctness of the principles laid down by "Honestus;" but, on the contrary, we stated expressly, that we felt no disposition to take sides upon the subject then under discussion. We merely asserted that the remarks of "Honestus" were "candid;" and in this opinion we were not alone. It is a belief of ours, that a writer may be candid in argument, and yet erroneous in principle—and we acted under the influence of this impression when we formed the opinion, the propriety and justness of which appears to be now called in question. We again ask only a candid repudiation of the production of "Honestus" and our brief remarks in connexion therewith—and from the decision of an enlightend public, we shall ask no appeal.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor—Your paper, of the 4th instant, furnishes a reply from "Philo-Honestus," to my former remarks on the communication of "Honestus" upon "Caucusing"—by which it appears, that the latter writer does not perfectly comprehend my motives and views in making those remarks. It was the editorial commendation only, bestowed upon the performance of "Honestus," which induced me to offer any comments upon it. But for this circumstance, that communication would have been regarded as the effusion of a young writer, (perhaps even of hopeful talents,) whose head had become giddy with the anticipated advantages, which might result from packing caucuses, and whipping in at elections; and the incongruity of his ideas upon the subject, would only have elicited a smile of pity from me. But the unqualified approbation of an editor of one of our public journals, is calculated to give any performance a strong artificial claim to public consideration. Such an editor is considered "as the chronicle of the times, the herald of intelligence—he is in part the guardian of national, local, and, frequently, personal safety—he influences public opinion—he is supposed to be competent to advise, to direct, to support, to oppose, to applaud and to censure—he leads his readers in silken bands, and by the force of habit, induces them to think as he thinks, and act as he acts." Whenever, therefore, such a man flings the whole weight of his political character into the scales of any writer, it cannot fail of giving his communications, an increased weight in the public estimation. And as I believed the doctrine advanced by "Honestus" to be of a very dangerous, as well as of a very absurd character, it became my duty, as "one of the guardians of public liberty," in common with every other citizen of the County, to point out its fallacy, and thereby counteract the baneful influence of such editorial commendation. This I have attempted—and tho

"Philo-Honestus" calls my arguments "oblique," he has, in no instance, to my understanding, shewn them to be unfair or inconclusive. He says, however, that he knows I have omitted some very essential facts, concerning the caucus, which I adduced to illustrate the theory of Caucusing, exhibited by "Honestus;" and that "a week or two previous to the sitting of the Court, notice was given to several, and, I think, to most of the towns in the County, that a caucus would be holden during Court week;" &c. This is news to me, and I presume to a vast majority of the people in every town in the County. But admitting all he says about that caucus, to be perfectly correct, it is manifest, upon the principles of "Honestus," that it was all totally unnecessary; for all that can be desired to constitute a caucus "properly," is to have it "composed of persons residing in different parts of the County, and authorized by special appointment or usage." Now, if it can be shewn that "Honestus," and his "Philo" do not "reside in the same part of the County," all that ever was, or ever can be necessary to "constitute a caucus properly," and to have it such an one as the people will be "bound by every principle of honesty and fair dealing to support," is, to have these two men meet, at any time, and place, which they may think proper—let them, if they please, warm themselves for a moment, with those "generous feelings of patriotism" and that "sacred regard to equality" which "Philo" describes on such occasions—then,

1st. Let "Honestus" appoint "Philo," and "Philo" appoint "Honestus" as delegates to represent the County of Oxford in general convention.

2nd. Let "Philo" appoint "Honestus" president, and again in return, let "Honestus" appoint "Philo" secretary.

3d. Let it be resolved that the Hon. "Honestus," and the Hon. "Philo-Honestus," be the candidates for Senators of this County.

4th. Let them transact any other business thought proper when met.

5th. Let them publish their proceedings. And if business, of great magnitude and importance should ever occur again, and it should be thought advisable again, to have a "numerical representation," of all the towns in the County, the characters or figures, commonly used to represent numbers, will furnish as perfect a "numerical representation" of the number of towns in the County, as an equal number of powdered wigs, or living heads can possibly do.

TURNER.

[The following is copied from the *Maine Gazette*, at the particular request of a subscriber. We would, however, recommend it to the attention of our readers. Our laws, at present, upon the subject of collecting debts, operate very unequally; and it is certainly desirable that they should be amended so far as to secure the safety of the creditor, and yet not infringe upon the rights of the debtor.]

Mr. TONNEY—I understand that the Supreme Court of this State has decided, that the Courts of Sessions have a legal right, to extend the prison or gaol limits to the extreme lines of their respective counties. The sessions for Cumberland having done this, (much, I should say, to their credit, in commencing a system so salutary, liberal and humane,) it becomes manifestly right and proper that the same course be adopted, as speedily as possible, in the other counties of the State; else the people of that county, contrary to the spirit of our laws, will be in the enjoyment of great and exclusive privileges. It is perhaps desirable in another point of view, which is, with suitable reference to advantages and disadvantages, that there should be as perfect uniformity as is practicable in our whole system; and I must therefore be deemed unfortunate that the law has left it to the caprice of any set of men, instead of rendering it imperative to pursue a course demanded upon the broad principles of equity and humanity.

The people of Cumberland having once felt the benefit of this measure, there is little probability of their relinquishing it. Hence there appears no other course left to render our system uniform and equal but that of following the example of Cumberland through the State, and there are in fact, strong arguments to be urged in favor of such a measure—humanity, self-interest and equality of rights and privileges are among the most irresistible. Many a family now separated, poverty-stricken and wretched, would be re-united, rendered comfortable and peaceful. Many a poor debtor now immured in the prison limits would be left to his home and his business to earn a livelihood, and gradually to discharge the demands of his hard hearted creditor, and many a trembling delinquent, is now perhaps through fear of imprisonment driven from the home of his heart, to seek a dwelling among strangers more favored in a remote section of the state, where a more liberal and generous policy exists. But were these objections obviated, and had Cumberland withheld her laudible example, while extensive gaol limits are allowed it might with propriety be claimed on the ground of extending to the people of the whole county some of the privileges which are now possessed only by those of the shire towns, and even then, they have other advantages—such as having justice administered at their own doors, of increased business, and facilities of intercourse with the people of the county, in consequence of the frequent assembling of the Courts, which cannot be enjoyed in common with their distant friends. It therefore seems to be a measure called for by a rigid sense of justice and impartiality, apart from the better feelings of the human heart

which so loudly demand it. I shall not, however, enlarge upon this subject at present, having the most implicit confidence in the judgment, generosity and high sense of justice which characterize our judicial officers, and knowing that the Hon. Justices of the Sessions for Lincoln County are not less distinguished in this respect than their brethren of Cumberland, it is perhaps only necessary to offer these brief hints to secure the object in view.

BENEVOLENCE.

[A place is given to the remarks of "Titany," which follow below. But we must confess, that they appear to us very dark and mysterious—much more so than either of those productions which, he says, he cannot understand. They are much like a German commentary—harder than the text to comprehend.]

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. BARTON—The married ladies, young ladies, and old maids, have all had their duties or miseries, set forth in your paper. I cannot tell why they have not replied. I am led to conclude the reason the young ladies did not reply to "Cimon," in your fifth number, was because the style and subject were so different from any thing they had ever heard from the gentlemen—and of course supposed that it was borrowed from some old English or French novel. It appears to me that his meaning is satirizing out (especially for the ladies.) Is it a satire on old or modern times? Does he mean young ladies or gentlemen? Speakers or hearers? Has he presented his real sentiments or not? I should like well to know.

As for "Handy," I should conclude he had been lately admitted at the bar in pandemonium, and given his first plea to the world, through the "Oxford Observer." It may, however, be the case that he has recently made a visit to Vulcan's shop, and some gentleman (perhaps "Cimon") has introduced him to the family.

The "Old Maid's Diary" could not have been written by an old maid—for it is not reasonable to suppose that she would expose herself in that manner. But who besides could know the changes of her mind? was a query with me, until I heard a gentleman say he knew it to be a *fad*. But I conclude, however, that instead of dying of the pyrophobia, as therein stated, she was transformed into a writer for the "Observer."

TITANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

The seasons roll and men press on, Forgetful of the year that's gone.

We never peruse the Prophet of lamentation with so much avidity as the Prophet of promise, and more readily compare objects present, than present with the past. The Almanac is often filled with useless, deceptive, ridiculous predictions; but a record of events may often be a benefit to the learned, and some guide to ignorant credulity. Much judgment is required in improving the proper time to seed the ground and perhaps not less in harvesting. Nov. is the most changeable and uncomfortable month, and he that has delayed to harvest till its arrival, may have had a wet jacket and cold fingers. Perhaps it is needless to tell a Farmer, that April, February and May come next on the list of uncertain months. We have seldom witnessed a storm the first week in July. It is said there has not been a storm on the 4th, since the declaration of Independence; tho' the earth has rejoiced with gentle showers on that day. For more than 30 years, it has been rainy or overcast, more than half the time between the 15th, and 25th July, with a few exceptions. If memory does not err, there has not been more than one or two storms, on the 4th week in August, for 20 years.

The present season has kept the Farmer's hopes coupled with his doubts; but it has yielded an increase sufficient to satisfy even avarice itself; yet many seem to be waiting for more when their crops are fully matured. To secure their hay in season, prudent farmers will readily employ extra help; but many neglect the latter crops, that Providence has bestowed in abundance, till they have lost half their value. To hire, they say, they cannot afford, and thus a great portion of the labor of the year is lost. It is painful to contemplate large fields of potatoes, sealed up by frost and the piteous fruits of the orchard wrapped in a blanket of snow. The loss of vegetables and fruits will be sensibly felt. The season in a great degree has been parallel with the last. First sweeping frost on the seaboard, 1823, Sept. 20; Sept. 19 1824, but not so severe; the high lands were spared. Ground closed last year Oct. 31. On the same night this year, and probably for the winter, as it is said to be frozen six inches in depth. Nov. 6th. Potatoes for family use should always be dug in fair weather soon as ripe, and kept as much as possible from the air. Many who have gathered their corn in season, have sadly erred by letting it heat in the pile. When this is the case, it will never rise in bread; neither will it when heated in grinding. In the one case the wife is sometimes severely censured, when the fault is the negligence of the husband; in the other the ignorance of the miller. As we may have a warm turn yet, before the rigors of winter, let the farmer not only husk, but stir his husked corn, lest he lose his labor and be necessitated to import his bread. A few years since much corn was spoiled in the garret and crib. A warning in one of the Portland papers, is said to have awakened some to a seasonable examination.

As so much is spared and well harvested, remember the idea of winter, if come, are not gone. Many, who forget to bank their cellars, occasionally carry fire into them to protect their sauce. This is like a man warning his feet with snow on to make them warmer when cutting his wood, or drinking hot slip to freeze him on a journey. Put a tub of water on potatoes and place a trail of straw from the water to them, they will never freeze till the water is frozen. Why straw or cloth is a conductor of Caloric, or a conductor of cold, I leave for Chemists to determine. I know the effect and leave them to find the cause.

ACTUATOR OF TORTURES ON AGRICULTURE.

I lately surveyed a yellow birch root, one inch and an eighth in diameter at butt, and this was broken off 35 feet, 9 inches from the tree; the root was 35 feet, 6 inches long, where it was broken off again; was seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. Query—How long must it run to bring it to a point, and what would be the cubic contents of the whole root in inches? A solution is requested.—*Ibi*.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

A farmer in this town, gathered this day, I understand, over eight hundred bushels of Apples, that have been coated with six snows. To such is earnestly recommended the process of freezing cider, and the frozen apples may not be lost. It would be a subject of regret, if the great abundance, or any, should be lost, while Maine is paying so much for imported fruit and cider. Such farmers can well afford to follow the directions in

Touches on Agriculture.

SUMMARY OF DOMESTIC NEWS.

CLARKSBURG, (Va.) Oct. 7.—On the premises of David Hall, about five and a half miles from the Ferry, a company have been engaged for some time in boring for salt water. They commenced in the bed of Elk Creek upon a solid rock at the distance of about 24 feet, they struck a large vein of brackish water, exceedingly cold, and a little brackish to the taste, which discharges itself at the top of a small pipe inserted into the rock, about 18 inches high. At the distance of about 116 feet, they passed through a rich vein, or bed of copper, about 4 feet in thickness; and at the depth of 160 feet, they opened a strong vein of wind, which instantly found vent at the top of the well in a tremendous roaring and spouting of water, throwing up perpendicular columns of that element to the distance of 30 feet! Although the diameter of the well is not more than 2 1/4 inches, it is supposed there is not less than 160 gallons of water discharged in one minute of time! For some distance round this perpendicular spot of water, plays an imperceptible gas of vapor so very inflammable, as instantly to take fire whenever that element comes in contact with it. The verge of the circumference of this gas is not perceptible, therefore those who are unacquainted with its ignitable qualities, in the act of putting fire to this curious lamp of nature, have found themselves enveloped in flame, and pretty well singed before they had any idea of being within reach of its touch! It has been tried in vain to extinguish the flame with water.

The only effectual method is to smother it with a large cloth, which can only be applied when the spouting and flame has somewhat abated. The intervals between the times of spouting are uncertain; it has been known to spout two or three times in a week, and may be seen to spout at any time, by putting down the poles after the well has been eight or ten days unoccupied.—*Ibid*.

Lost Child.—Mr. Emanuel Wills, of Anson, Me. lost his only child on Monday, the 20th of Sept. last, and much time has been spent in searching, without making the least discovery. The circumstances respecting the loss of this child being very mysterious, and the possibility of its being yet alive and carried away by some wicked or insane person, prompts to still further exertions for its recovery, by giving a description of the child. A boy 21 months old, light complexion, light hair, and light blue eyes—had on a light calico slip much faded, and had a bracelet on the abdomen.

Anson, Oct. 20, 1824.

Fire.—The Alum Pond Factory, together with a grist mill and store, situated in Burrillville, and owned by David Wilkinson, Esq. of Pawtucket, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 20th ult. Loss estimated at \$10,000.

BELLOWS FALLS, Nov. 1.—Elevation.—A few evenings since, an inhabitant of a neighboring village, returning from an excursion to this town, and happening to be *en route* gravatus, (in English, with his skin full of gin) fell fast asleep in his chaise. While enjoying nature's sweet balm, his horse attempting to turn, backed the wheels off one side of a bridge twenty feet high. But mark how fortune favors the sleepy! The chaise lodged in the top of a young hemlock that stood by the bridge; the faithful steed maintained his ground; and our hero's slumbers were not disturbed till morning, when he clambered carefully out of his leafy couch, and called the nearest neighbors to help him get his chaise out of the tree top.—*Ibid*.

General La Fayette, at the last date was on a visit to the seat of Mr. Jefferson, at Monticello. After visiting Mr. Madison, at Montpelier, he was to return to Washington, about the time of the meeting of Congress. He proposes, we understand, during the first part of winter, to make new visits to Baltimore, Richmond, &c. and from thence proceed to the Carolinas, Georgia, Louisiana, and the Western States, and be in Boston again about the middle of June, to consecrate the Bunker Hill Monument, visit the Old Colony and Maine, and probably return to France early in the ensuing autumn.

The General attended the Jockey Club Races at Richmond Thursday, the 4th inst. After the match race was decided, he sat down to a sumptuous repast, prepared by the members of the Jockey Club, at which occasion a number of toasts were drunk. The General gave the following:

"May all the nations enter the course of Freedom—We Americans have won the first race. But the noble prize is left to every one of the competitors."

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5th.—Between 6 and 7 o'clock this morning, we had a smart thunder storm. It has been dark and raining all the morning, and a storm of thunder and lightning between 10 and 11 o'clock. We have not had any snow yet. Yesterday morning we had ice on all the water in our streets. This morning the thermometer at 7 o'clock stood at 53 degrees—yesterday morning at the same time, it was not higher than 33.

Highway Robbery and attempt to Murder.—On Wednesday night, about 11 o'clock, as Samuel Jones, a respectable looking young man, on his way from Boston to New-York, on foot, when within a half a mile of Bloomingdale, was overtaken by two persons, who immediately knocked him down, cut his throat in three different places, and then robbed him of all his money, (about \$12) and all his clothes. He succeeded yesterday morning in crawling to the laboratory of Mr. Burham, at Bloomingdale, who immediately picked him up, brought him to the city, and carried him to the Hospital.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

Fire!—A few nights ago, a barn belonging to Mr. Savage, Inn-keeper, in Paris, N. York, was burnt, together with 7 horses, a quantity of hay, several wagons, and some other property. The fire is supposed to have been communicated by an incendiary. Will it never be remembered, however often repeated, that a certain way, and the only way, to rescue horses from a building on fire, is simply to bind fold them? They will then follow a leader quietly. Otherwise they cannot be made to stir.—*Etc. &c.*

A duel was fought near New-Orleans on the 18th ult. by two citizens, and one of the parties was killed on the spot. On reference to the register of deaths we find his name was James Pierpont. The name of the other party is not mentioned.—*N. Y. G.*

Bank Robbery.—On Wednesday evening last, a short time after the usual supper hour, as the Cashier of the Huntsville bank was going from the Cashier's room up stairs, he was knocked down in the passage, and robbed of a large bundle of notes of the bank. We understand that he had taken the bundle from an iron chest, and was approaching the back door of the passage, which had previously been left unlocked, with a candle in his hand, when it was suddenly burst open by the robber, who stunned the cashier by a blow on the head, and possessing himself of the money, made a precipitate retreat through the back way. The notes were all of a date previous to the 19th July last, signed by Ben. Cox or Elford Rawlins, cashiers, were principally of large denominations, and had recently been redeemed by the bank. As there are but few notes of this description in circulation, the public should be cautious how and when they receive them. The amount taken was \$10,000.

\$20,000. The bank offers a reward for apprehending the robber, and we can each doing villainy will meet with merit.—*Lauderdale, Alabama paper.*

The Rev. Robert Bartlett, the Universalist faith, is appointed of Vermont, to preach the next Election.

The Union Academy, in 1823, was destroyed by fire on Friday evening.

November Thunder.—On the 25th, a thunder storm was experienced, which destroyed a barn in France, and a pair of oxen. The storm in Philadelphia, in the forenoon, P. M. where it struck several houses.

Lieutenant of Gen. Wolfe.—Dr. was a lieutenant in the army of celebrated battle on the heights of is now living at East Windsor, Conn. aged 94 years. He is the only surviving officer of Gen. Wolfe or America. He continues to from the British Government. Dr. at Yale College in 1750, and before army was a surgeon in the British

John Randolph.—The sympathy alienation which appeared in Randolph, previous to his leaving England, are said on the author from a gentleman in London, increased since his residence following anecdotes of this gentleman depended on as facts.

Being invited to breakfast in London, Mr. Randolph appeared at five o'clock in the morning, knocking, succeeded in routing who inquired what he wanted. He had come by invitation to breakfast. "Then you must get the servant," and return in five minutes.

On another occasion he invited a gentleman to dine with him, for tant of Philadelphia. When was shown in, Mr. Randolph, veying him from head to foot, am not at home?" The gentleman in disgust, and telling the servant not a gentleman, left his card passed over to France.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VICTORY OF BOLIVAR. From the *Extraordinary Gazette*. The following official communication by the General commandant, is by the Colombian sch. Guencha at this port (Panama) in 17 days of the Republic of Colombia.

To the Intendant and General Commandant of the Isthmus of Panama.—Sir! It is with feelings of the most lively interest that I have the honor of enclosing this city, containing the official report of the battle of Junin, the particulars received here last night. The first door to expectations, as brilliant founded, and presages a speedy termination of that war, which has so long afflicted our country.—*Peru.*

The battalion of Zulia, and the dragons of the guard, joined of the Liberator (Bolivar) the day Junin. Although the official account the Secretary General are very take the liberty of addressing a letter, which have been extracted from received here, from the officers, which render this brilliant victory. More than a thousand of the enemy, who were posted, have been destroyed. Cantarac, in person, my's cavalry, as did the Liberator. Cantarac fled before the Liberator, and his irresistible power. The was the flower of the royal army, est veterans, and the greater part shock was terrific, and our cavalry selves by prodigies of valor. Can his skill and valor, but he was a shameful flight from a few brave in number, hardly equal to one he commanded. The Liberator, himself in the most dangerous moment (which is well worth an led the disappearance of Cantarac ran troops. This town has received intelligence with ineffable joy, are enlivened with the pure joy, they with reason hope to see extraordinary genius of him who has them a country with peace and I am, &c.

From South America.—The brig Seaman, arrived last evening in general. A letter written on the 27th as the vessel was departing, says: "We have just heard of a great victory and took a great number of Capt. Seaman has favored us with Aug. 20th, and Sept. 2nd, of a Bogota, in Spanish and English, tional. The only intelligence contained in the following article:

Bogota, Sept. 2.—Letters by 14, and from Trujillo, of June 17th of June, the President Lib Cajatambo; that on the 25th, would be at Cuenca, and on the ja, where Gantearac was with his it is thought, a battle would be fought, in which the Liberator's army should think proper to refuse troops which had embarked from was the battalion of Zulia, had p wasco with orders to disembark Lima and Callao, by land which with the Puebla, Vija, Macedon intercepted by the communications tles and the city.—*Gazette de Col.*

War at Guatemala.—We have gentleman who left Truxillo States the intelligence received a civil war in Guatemala and mala. He states that a massacre taken place at Leon, amounting and children—and that the con anterior, and Truxillo, was cul these unhappy commotions were from the ambition of a few Creol

\$2,000. The bank offers a reward of \$3000 for apprehending the robber, and we cannot but hope that such during villainy will meet with condign punishment.—*Huntsville, Alabama* paper.

The Rev. Robert Bartlett, of Hartland, of the Universalist faith, is appointed by the Legislature of Vermont, to preach the next Election Sermon.

The Union Academy, in Plainfield, N. H., was destroyed by fire on Friday evening last, with the library, &c.

November Thunder.—On the evening of the 5th, a thunder storm was experienced in this vicinity, and which destroyed a barn in Franklin, with 8 tons of hay, and a pair of oxen. The same storm was felt in Philadelphia, in the forenoon, and in New-York P. M. where it struck several houses.

Lieutenant of Gen. Wolfe.—Dr. Elihu Tabor, who was a lieutenant in the army of Gen. Wolfe, in the celebrated battle on the heights of Abraham, in 1759, is now living at East Windsor, Connecticut, at the advanced age of 94 years. He is supposed to be the only surviving officer of Gen. Wolfe's army, in Europe or America. He continues to receive a pension from the British Government. Dr. Tabor graduated at Yale College in 1750, and before he entered the army was a surgeon in the British Navy.

John Randolph.—The symptoms of mental alienation which appeared in Mr. John Randolph, previous to his leaving this country for England, are said on the authority of a letter from a gentleman in London, to have greatly increased since his residence there. The following anecdotes of this gentleman may be depended on as facts.

Being invited to breakfast with a nobleman in London, Mr. Randolph appeared at the door at five o'clock in the morning, and after much knocking, succeeded in rousing the servants, who inquired what he wanted. He replied that he had come by invitation to breakfast with their master. 'Then you must go home, Sir,' said the servant, 'and return in five hours.'

On another occasion he invited an American gentleman to dine with him, formerly an inhabitant of Philadelphia. When the gentleman was shown in, Mr. Randolph, after sternly surveying him from head to foot, said, 'Sir, I am not at home!' The gentleman turned away in disgust, and telling the servant his master was not a gentleman, left his card. He has since passed over to France.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VICTORY OF BOLIVAR.

From the *Extraordinary Gaceta del Istmo*, of 7th Sept. The following official communication was received by the General Commandant; it having been brought by the Colombian sch. Guenachaco, which anchored at this port (Panama) in 17 days from Guenachaco:

Republic of Peru, Trujillo, Aug. 18th, 1824.

To the Intendant and General Commanding the Department of the Istmus of Panama.

Sir—It is with feelings of the highest satisfaction that I have the honor of enclosing you the Gazette of this city, containing the official accounts of the brilliant affair of Junin; the particulars of which were received here last night. The first success opens the door to expectations, as brilliant as they are well founded, and presages a speedy and felicitous termination of that war, which has desolated that rich country—Peru.

The battalion of Zulia, and the squadrons of horse, and dragons of the guard, joined the head quarters of the Liberator (Bolivar) the day after the action of Junin. Although the official accounts transmitted by the Secretary General are very well detailed, I must take the liberty of addressing a few minute particulars, which have been extracted from private letters, received here, from the officers of the army, and which render this brilliant victory more glorious. More than a thousand of the enemy's cavalry, advantageously posted, have been destroyed by only 400 of our horse. Canterac, in person, commanded the enemy's cavalry, as did the Liberator (Bolivar) ours. Canterac fled before the Liberator, having experienced his irresistible power. The cavalry of the enemy was the flower of the royal army, composed of its oldest veterans, and the greater part Spaniards. The shock was terrific, and our cavalry signalized themselves by prodigies of valor. Canterac displayed all his skill and valor, but he was compelled to make a shameful flight from a few brave Patriots, who were, in number, hardly equal to one third of those whom he commanded. The Liberator, as usual, exposed himself in the most dangerous situations; but his presence (which is well worth an army) soon compelled the disappearance of Canterac, and his old veteran troops. This town has received the gratifying intelligence with inexpressible feelings of delight. All are enlivened with the pure breath of liberty, that they with reason hope to see consolidated by the extraordinary genius of him who has undertaken to give them a country with peace and happiness.

I am, &c.

JOSE GABRIEL PEREZ.

From South America.—The brig *Wm. Bayard*, Capt. Seaman, arrived last evening in 26 days from Carthagena. A letter written on the 27th of September, just as the vessel was departing, says:

'We have just heard of a great battle between Bolivar and Canterac, in which the former was victorious and took a great number of prisoners.'

Capt. Seaman has favored us with the Numbers of Aug. 26th, and Sept. 2nd, of a new paper printed at Bogota, in Spanish and English, called the *Constitucional*. The only intelligence they give from Peru is contained in the following article.

'BOGOTA, Sept. 2.—Letters from Guayaquil of July 14, and from Trujillo, of June 30, state that on the 17th of June, the President Liberator, set out from Cajatambo; that on the 25th, it was expected he would be at Cuenca, and on the 8th or 10th in Jauja, where Canterac was with his troops, and where, it is thought, a battle would be fought, unless the enemy should think proper to refuse it. The column of troops which had embarked from Guayaquil, in which was the battalion of Zulia, had proceeded from Guayaquil with orders to disembark at Supe, and *Aravena* Lima and Callao, by land whilst Rear Admiral Guise, with the *Prueba*, *Vijeta*, *Macedonia*, and Congress, intercepted by sea the communication between the Castles and the city.—*Gaceta de Colombia*.'

War at Guatemala.—We have conversed with a gentleman who left Truxillo Sept. 7, who corroborates the intelligence received at New-York, relative to a civil war in Grenada and the province of Guatemala. He states that a massacre of all the whites had taken place at Leon, amounting to 110 men, women and children—and that the communication with the interior, and Truxillo, was cut off. The cause of these unhappy commotions was supposed to arise from the ambition of a few Creoles, who were desir-

ous to crush the government and place every individual on an equality as relates to property—an indiscriminate plunder of all property of the whites took place.—Affairs were a most dismal aspect, business of all kinds was at a stand at Truxillo, no money or produce. An American schooner, from N. York, was at St. Johns—cargo gone up the lake, and fears were entertained for its safety.—*Palladium*.

PARIS, Sept. 25.—The funeral of his late Majesty took place on Thursday. The road by which the procession was to pass, and particularly the Faubourg St. Denis, was thronged by an expectant multitude, and notwithstanding the immense concourse, and the absence of the troops to skirt the route, the greatest order prevailed. The troops were craped on the arm, the drums were muffled, and the instruments of music ornamented with the symbols of mourning. The procession set out with the sound of cannon, and the bells of all the churches pealed the funeral knell. The carriages occupied by the great officers were covered with black cloth. At the doors and on the hammer-cloths were suspended the arms of France and Navarre, richly emblazoned. The housings of the horses were black, adorned with *fleurs de lis* in gold, and tears in silver. The carriage occupied by the Dauphin, the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke of Bourbon, was covered with black cloth; the housings of the horses were of black cloth, with silver fringe, and magnificent plumes. The funeral car was remarkably rich.—The upper part formed a canopy, surmounted by the Crown of France, supported by four seated genii, each holding an inverted flambeau. The canopy was adorned with velvet, enriched with *fleurs de lis* in gold, and supported by four angels bearing palm-branches. The coffin was covered with a rich pall, ornamented with a silver cross. At the head was the Crown of France, and at the feet the sceptre and hand of justice. The number of troops was about 11,000 men. The rain, which threatened to fall during the procession, held off till after its arrival at St. Denis.—Upon reaching that ancient burial-place of the Kings of France, the Royal remains were presented by the Grand Almoner to the Dean of the royal chapter, proceeded by the Canons and Clergy.—The Royal coffin was temporarily placed under a canopy erected in the midst of the choir, ornamented with the Royal mantle of cloth and gold, and surmounted by the crown covered with erape. In advance of the coffin were the sceptre, the hand of justice, and the sword, and it was surrounded by two *Guards de la Manche*, five *Heralds at Arms*, and four of the King's Body Guards. The body was followed by Prince Talleyrand, Grand Chamberlain; the Duke of A'vray, Captain of the Guards; the Duke d'Aumont, and the Duke de Blacas, Chief Gentlemen of the Chamber, and the Chief Gentlemen of Honor near the King. Next came the Dauphin, the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke of Bourbon, in deep mourning, and wearing long mantles. At the reception of the remains the usual prayers were recited. After the magnificent body was conveyed into the Chapel of St. Louis, which has been converted into *chapelle ardente*, and where it will remain for thirty days, before it is deposited into the vault of the Bourbons.—In the procession it was remarked that the Clergy with flambeaus, as announced in the programme did not attend.

QUEBEC, Oct. 18.—His Majesty's brig *Icarus*, which was long expected, arrived on Tuesday morning from Jamaica via the Havana and Bermuda, with 255,000 dollars in specie, for the Military Government in the Canadas.

Inland Smuggling into Canada.—A long list of goods was advertised to be sold at Montreal on the 27th inst. condemned as forfeited for *illegal importation*. The articles appear to be chiefly Indian and French goods, and a few of American manufacture.

MONTREAL, Oct. 30.—**Boundary Line.**—The commissioners for settling the boundary line, after deliberating for three days, adjourned on Wednesday last. We understand that they have determined the line between this place and Lake Erie, but it appears from what we have been enabled to learn, that some other portions of the country, where the line is to be fixed, which we hope may be amicably adjusted at their next meeting, without having recourse to the opinion of an umpire, agreeably to the articles at the Treaty of Ghent, relative to the determining what is to be the exact boundary of the two countries. Messrs. Barclay, Dr. Bigsby, Hale and Thompson, are employed on the part of the British government; and General Porter, and Messrs. Ferguson and Delaford on that of the United States. The latter gentlemen we hear left this place on Thursday. The former had not quitted the Mansion House yesterday.

The Halifax papers mention the death, on the 22nd ult. of Col. Joseph Frederick Wallat des Barres, late Lieut. Governor of Prince Edward Island, and formerly of Cape Breton, aged 102 years. He is probably the same person, who before the Revolutionary war, made or assisted in making the surveys of the coast of New-England, and Nova Scotia, and drew the charts, commonly called Holland's Charts, which are still the only authentic surveys of that extensive and intricate coast.

The Colombian government has ordered the construction of 50 gun boats, in such parts of the republic as are best provided with the means of building them. The Congress has appropriated the sum of \$300,000 for the repair of the fortifications on the coast, and to the construction of such other forts as may be deemed necessary.

An extraordinary case of forgery is stated in a London Paper. A man by the name of Henry Fauntleroy stands charged with having committed forgery to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds, or about a million of dollars. He was a managing partner in an extensive banking establishment—the first forgery was an instrument by which he sold property to the amount of thirty thousand pounds, and pocketed the profits. He exculpates his partners in the banking establishment altogether, is now confined, with two watchmen employed night and day to prevent him from the perpetration of suicide.

It is in contemplation to erect in London a monument to the memory of the late Rev. John Wesley, to consist of a spacious building for missionary purposes, and in which the great public religious anniversaries may be held. This measure was originated some months ago by several of the admirers of the founder of Methodism.

MINERALOGY.—It is stated in the Quebec papers, that the coast of Labrador abounds with valuable and beautiful specimens of the quartz family, particularly the different varieties of cornelian, agate, opal, jasper, and a peculiar kind of feldspar, of the sky blue variety, almost exclusively found on that coast. The latter is hard and takes a fine polish. Some parts of it had been cut and manufactured into snuff boxes, rings, &c. It is found imbedded in a grey granite rock. The whole north shore of St. Lawrence from Quebec to its mouth, and the Labrador coast, appear to present a wide field for the researches of the geologist and mineralogist, which is not generally met with.

Unlucky's Family.—The wife and two of the children of the unfortunate Mexican, lately shot at *Soto la Marina*, have arrived at *Barrataria*, in Louisiana, accompanied by her nephew, two priests, and two servants; where they received the hospitality of the Ladies of Com. Patterson, and Lieut. Cunningham, of the U. States navy, and were to remain with them till the health of Madam Turbide should be so far recovered as to enable her to proceed to some northern port, whence she intended to embark for Europe, to join her other children in England.

FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

Eccentric Character.—At the close of the assizes for New-York, there was often seen wandering about the streets, an elderly gentleman, who attracted the gaze of half the inhabitants of that ancient city, by the extreme singularity of his dress and appearance. He was about five feet ten inches in height, and appeared to be above 60 years of age. He had a long white beard, which evidently had not felt the edge of a razor for many years; he wore a drab-colored hat, made of a very uncommon kind of beaver, and in a very unusual form—that part of it which fits on the head was nearly globular in shape, and was surrounded by a brim of such enormous magnitude, that even John Fox could not have seen it without feeling an emotion of envy. The color of his coat, which came down to his ankles, was light brown; the buttons of it were very large, and, like angel's visits, were 'few and far between'; the pockets of it appeared of capacity sufficient to carry off ten such dinners as are usually eaten in these degenerate days. His waistcoat, which had a flap as large and as long as any waistcoat that ever was exhibited at the court in the best days of lace and embroidery, seemed to be made up of scraps of plumage belonging to various birds, and also of scraps of skins belonging to various animals, and was a vest of far more colors than any philosopher has yet discovered in the tints of the rainbow. His stockings were of a blackish brown worsted; they had red clocks; and what added still more to their singularity, were studded pretty thickly with large diamond spots of the same color. The breeches of this eccentric being—for it may be necessary to observe, that he really did wear breeches, did not appear to derive any assistance, from buttons or suspenders: they were tied together down the legs by an uninterrupted succession of rosettes, which, if they were not very ornamental, appeared at least to be very useful. His shoes, of which the soles were of great consistency, were formed of untanned yellow leather; so that, from the head to the foot, this gentleman formed one of the strangest spectacles we ever beheld.—The name of this individual, who can find a parallel in none but himself, we understood to be Hirst. He resides at Rochelle, near Smith, in the West Riding of York, and is possessed of considerable property. He amuses himself, and frightens his neighbors, by riding on a bull; and we are informed that he absolutely made his appearance, mounted and dressed as we have described, at the last Doncaster races. He also drives about a wicker carriage of his own manufacture, in which he boasts that there is not a single nail.

THE CHAMELEON. One of these creatures, which so rarely live in our climate, and which when not alive, no longer possesses that singularity which constitutes their value, is now exhibiting in London. It was imported from Sierra Leone, and is the only survivor out of a great number who came passengers in the same vessel. It is about nine inches long, from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail, and is in all material points, of the lizard form and species. The first peculiarity that strikes the spectator is the eye. The orb of sight is placed in a spherical socket, moveable in every direction and projecting so much as to enable the animal to see on all sides, and what adds to this facility is that one eye has no sympathy with the other; so that one can be shut while the other is looking backwards. The appearance of the eye is very singular. It so completely resembles a gem surrounded by a slight ring of gold, that it might well be supposed to be a piece of metal and a precious stone. The variations of the hues over the whole skin are rapid and surprising. On a plant of delicate green the Chameleon is scarcely distinguishable from the plant itself, on black it becomes dusky; passing over gray, it assumes again another tinge. It delights in light and heat, and changes in form, as well as color; when warmed by the rays of the sun. The claws have considerable power of tenacity, and are capable of being turned so as to embrace any object presented to them. The tongue is long, and of such strength, that the animal can seize with it a fly or other insect at the distance of seven or eight inches; and at the end is a division in the manner of a forceps.

A BUBBLE OF A WORLD.

Capt. Scoresby mentions, in his journal of a voyage to the Coast of West Greenland, that the sea at one time was observed colored in veins or patches of a brown, or sometimes of a yellowish tint, and the water, on being examined by the microscope, appeared swarming with minute marine animals. A drop of this water contained 26,500 animalcules. Hence, reckoning sixty drops to a dram, there would be a number in a gallon of water exceeding by one half the amount of the population of the whole globe. When we think of more than 26,000 creatures living, obtaining subsistence, and moving perfectly at ease, within the nothing of a drop of water, how unconsciously is the mind led on to universal inquiry. How infinitely beneath conception, must be the size of one of these illiputian race; and yet it has its members, limbs, veins, arteries, and muscles, and all the machinery of life; yet it has its feelings, its pleasures and its pains, the natural gradation of infancy to old age, and all the passions concomitant to its varying state. How delightful is the theory which a fanciful imagination might deduce from the knowledge of such a fact. Who can tell what tumults and commotions, what joys and sorrows, what conflicts of feeling may arise from the finite actions of that little, yet mighty globe. What terrors and what fears

may agitate its fluid territories! What evils, what strifes, and all uncharitableness may reign among its potentates; kingdom contending with kingdom and brother with brother, in all the pomp and circumstance of war; or perhaps, what jubilee and rejoicing may sway the hearts of some happy empire at, it may be, some king's accession to the pigny of a throne, or his marriage, or his victories, or his death! And then again, who knows what love, or what hatred, or revenge, or ambition, or jealousy, or the thousand clashing passions which *flashes* is heig to, may agitate the hearts of the subjects of the tastic; here, the elevation of some noble, or the fall of some traitor, or the acceptance of plighted vows—the songs and sighing, of some lover to his mistress, or the broils of a scolding wife; there the perpetration of some horrible murder, or the visitation of some calamitous affliction, or the breaking of some delicate neck, or the angry contention of some atomy of a Davy, or the wailing of some mother for the loss of some hero of a, son in battle, or the stalking abroad of death in some mighty pestilence—this, and all these, may they not be in active and perpetual operation? We might go on forever in this inconceivable particle of a picture, and deduce from it a host of wise saws and modern instances. And yet, why should we draw sarcastic conclusions; what is life, upon its grandest scale, but a grosser type of this bubble of a world? what are the actions of men, their passions, or their hearts, but the figurations of the world whose limits are the circumference of a water-drop?

MARRIAGES.

In this town, yesterday afternoon, by Asa Barton Esq. Mr. Peter Coburn, of Sumner, to Miss Polly How, of the former place.

In Vassalboro', Mr. Joshua Lowell, of Hallowell, to Miss Eliza Ann Matthews.

DEATHS.

Taunton, Mr. Gershom Holmes, aged 88. His descendants now living are 10 children, 58 grand children, and 54 great grand children.

In Preston, near Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 20th July last, THEOPHILUS CHAMBERLAIN, in the 89th year of his age. A native of Connecticut, and graduate of Yale College. He was full 60 years a preacher of the Gospel of Christ. Of all his family and offspring, amounting to upwards of 40, a first wife, one son quite a youth, and two infants, are all that have departed this life before him.

In Phippsburg, Mrs. Nancy Campbell, aged 80. Mr. John Nichols, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 67.

In Foxcroft, Mrs. Sally, consort of Benjamin Hiersy, aged 34.

In Lewiston, Mr. Elijah Carvell, aged 23, son of Mr. Wm. C. Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Robert Anderson, aged 70.

In Rutland, (Vt.) John Porter, Esq. He was tending a distillery in the West Parish, and had let off the boiling hot returns from the boiler into a cistern that was placed under the floor, over which there was a trap door, which he supposed he had shut down, but afterwards in passing that way rather inattentively 'after his great coat, he stepped into the boiling hot liquor up to his hips. He extricated himself as soon as he could, and jumped into a tub of cold water, from which he was taken by some persons who came to his relief, in the greatest agony. He survived ten days, when with the greatest composure and resignation, he yielded up his spirit to Him who gave it.

In Marlboro', widow Keziah Smith, aged 103.

COLLEGE LANDS.

FOR SALE, by the subscriber, the following lots of LAND, belonging to Harvard College, viz:

Lot 44,	1st Division,	58 acres.
" 22,	2nd do.	54 do.
" 10,	3d do.	50 do.
" 18,	5th do.	about 75 do.

IN LIVERMORE.

Lot 70, 100 acres. Lot 149, 100 acres.

IN RUMFORD.

Lot 16,	1st Division,	80 acres.
" 38,	2nd do.	100 do.
" 47,	3d do.	148 do.

IN JAY.

Lot 8, 13th range, 100 acres.

IN BETHEL.

Lot 19,	9th range,	100 acres.
" 19,	10th "	100 "

PRENTISS MELEN, Agent.

Portland, Nov. 1, 1824. 3m.21

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, Vt. TAKEN on Execution and to be sold at Public Auction on Monday the twentieth day of December next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the dwelling house of William Morse, Junr. Inn-holder in Waterford, in said County, all the right in equity of redemption which ROBERT HASKINS has in and to the following described mortgaged Real Estate, lying and being in Waterford in said County, and bounded as follows, viz: beginning at a certain stake and stones standing on the southerly side of the road one rod east of the burying place, and runs eastwardly on the southerly line of said road fifteen rods, to a stake and stones; thence running south twenty-five degrees, east forty-three rods, to land owned by Josiah Dudley; thence running a westerly course on said Dudley's line fifteen rods, to a stake and stones; from thence to the first mentioned bounds. Said piece of land contains by estimation, four acres and five square rods, be the same more or less. The above described real estate is mortgaged to the Trustees of Bridgton Academy to secure the payment of fifty dollars and interest. As per record of said mortgage deed, Book 6th, page 141, and 142. The interest on said fifty dollars has been paid up to about this time.

DAVID POTTER, Deputy Sheriff.

Waterford, Nov. 10, 1824.

Sheriff's Sale

TAKEN by Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, on the twenty-fifth day of December next, at one o'clock P. M. at the store of JACOB EVANS, in Fryeburg—all the right which OLIVER GRISWOLD and JAMES WESTON have to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, to wit: certain tracts or parcels of land situated in Denmark, in said County, numbered forty, forty-two, fifty-two and forty-five. Also, Lot No. 1, 2nd part and, Lot No. 3, together with the buildings thereon. The above named Lots are estimated to contain about four hundred and forty-five acres, be the same more or less. Said described real estate is mortgaged to secure the payment of two hundred seventy-one dollars and five cents, as appears by mortgage deed dated December first, 1818, which mortgage remains unpaid.

ANDREW McLELLAN, Deputy Sheriff.

Fryeburg, November 12, 1824.

VARIOUS.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

BY MR. DIAMOND, THE COMEDIAN.

In slumbers of midnight the Sailor Boy lay,
His hammock swung loose, at the sport of the wind;
But watch worn and weary, his cares flow away,
And visions of happiness dance o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, and his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
When Mem'ry stood side ways, half cover'd with
flowers,
And restored every rose; but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
While far, far behind him, the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,
The swallow sings sweetly from her nest on the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of lov'd ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheeks are impair'd with a mother's warm
tear;
And the lips of the boy in a loveliness unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulses—all hardships seem o'er,
And a thrill of bright happiness steals through his rest,
Oh God! thou hast blest me—I ask for no more!

Ah whence is that flame that now bursts on the eye?
And, what is that sound which now deafens his ears?
'Tis the lightning's fell glare, painting hell on the sky,
The crashing of thunders, the groans of the spheres.

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;
Amazement confounds him with images dire,
Wild winds and mad waves, drive the vessel a wreck;
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains, the billows tremendously swell,
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mary to save;
Unseen bands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

Oh Sailor Boy, woe to thy dream of delight,
In darkness dissolves the gay fret work of bliss,
Where now is the picture which fancy touch'd bright,
The parent's fond pressure and Love's honey'd kiss.

Oh Sailor Boy! Sailor Boy! Never again,
Shall home, love or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblest and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb stone shall plead a remembrance for thee,
Or redeem thy fair form from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet
be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow,
Of thy fair yellow locks, threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye,
Oh Sailor Boy! Sailor Boy! peace to thy soul.

From the Somerset Journal.

HAPPINESS.—How transient and delusive are
the joys of life. In vain does man seek for hap-
piness in this short and transitory state. He
aims at the substance, but naught but the shadow
does he find. Still, like a delusive phan-
tom, it plays about him, but ever shunning his
anxious grasp.

Happiness has been the aim and the search
of man ever since the commencement of time,
and happiness is still the grand object he has in
view. From the monarch on his imperial
throne down to the lowest peasant that inhabits
the wildest and most uncultivated forest, we
find their object the same.

Various and different are the ways taken, and
the means used, to obtain happiness, but few are
so fortunate as to find the golden treasure.

Some have sought it in the silken bands of ma-
trimony, and have volunteered their services to
Hymen. Many, very many have bowed in hum-
ble attitude before the golden image of *Plutus*.
Others, having been disappointed in all their
searches for happiness, have fell to worshipping
Bacchus, vainly hoping,

If happiness could not be found,
Sorrow might be drown'd

But happiness still seems to evade the search
of each character, and delude them by her
enchancing smiles.

Where then shall happiness be found? Not
in the grand parade of courts, nor yet in the
lofty sounds of fame and glory! Not in the
crowded coffer of the miser; nor yet in the
gaudy show of beauty! Not in the sanctimo-
nious sadness of hypocritical gravity; nor yet in
the poisonous cup of dissipation! All these leave
a sting behind which far outweighs the momen-
tary joys and comforts they afford.

Does thy soul pant for happiness, O man?
Then follow the examples of the meek and
humble Jesus. Obey his precepts; for in him
were concentrated all the perfections of human-
ity. Bow in humble attitude before Him, who
with an unerring hand rules the destinies of man.
Treat all mankind as members of one family,
and descendants of one common parent. Be
charitable; be humane; be kind to the unfor-
tunate. Follow with sincerity and unfeigned pi-
ety the true precepts of religion, without the
sanctimonious cant of hypocrisy; and thy
soul shall expand with love towards the Author
of all good.—Then shall peace dwell within
thy breast and happiness cheer thy heart.

FIDUTO.

MARRIED.—How much is comprehended in these
two syllables—"the twin are one flesh!" The con-
templative mind anticipates in it the future history of
man. It means a look on matrimony, but at the
same time, is the outset of living; the outfit of en-
terprise; the stepping of pleasure and happiness;
the main spring of prosperity; and the ray wheel
of adversity, and the highway of life. By this Heaven
instituted right, the great chain of being is constantly
progressing, its links are almost innumerable, and

reach from sea to sea. To the interrogative—
"Where is your darling?" how often is the answer—
"Married, and gone to the new countries!" In truth,
the statesman, the orator, the hero, the genius,
the artist, yea, the king, and the beggar, and vir-
tuous, and vicious, are indebted to this tie for their
existence. The first consideration after we have ate
our white bread, is a life partnership—this formed,
we see in the newspapers, between the passing events
and deaths of the day, *Married*—and here, save a heart-
y laugh or two, the matter ends.—So it goes—but
why should it? It is the fortune of some and the fate of
others. He married a fortune, is a common saying, and
a true one, when a young man of decorum unites with
a lady, whose portion is prudence, virtue, and refine-
ment—but he weds an heir to poverty, and seals his
fate, who takes to himself a dashing dame, whose
only endowments are beauty, pride and discontent.
How pleasing are the prospects of a new married cou-
ple! The honey moon of fancy beams in every fea-
ture; their minds are big with future happiness;
they sport in contentment, and carol in expectation,
but their unknown destiny, like all created things, is
mixed with good and evil. The food salace of Mar-
riage is lost in the busy bustle of business—care, and
anxiety, pleasure, and pain, health, and sickness, are
the allotments of life—youth is succeeded by age and
—Death comes next—they make their exit!

Courtland Courier.

Goodness of the Creator.—Malignant must be
the mind of that person; with a distorted eye he must
have contemplated creation, who can suspect, that it
is not the production of infinite benignity, and good-
ness. How many clear marks of benevolent inten-
tion appear every where around us? What a profu-
sion of beauty and ornament is poured forth on the
face of nature? what a variety of objects set before
him to gratify his senses, to employ his understanding,
to entertain his imagination, to cheer and gladden his
heart! Indeed, the weary existence of the universe is
a standing memorial of the goodness of the Creator.
For nothing, except goodness could originally prompt
creation. The Supreme Being, self-existent, and all-
sufficient, had no wants which he could seek to sup-
ply. No new accession of felicity or glory was
in suit to him, from creatures whom he made. It was
goodness, communicating and pouring itself forth,
goodness delighting to impart happiness in all its forms,
which in the beginning created the heaven and earth.
Hence those innumerable orders of living creatures
with which the earth is peopled; from the lowest
class of sensitive beings, to the highest rank of reason
and intelligence. "Wherever there is life, there is
some degree of happiness; there are enjoyments suit-
ed to the different powers of feelings; and earth, and
air and water, are with magnificent liberality made
to teem with life.—Let those striking displays of creat-
ing goodness call forth, on our part, responsive love,
gratitude, and veneration. To this great Father of
all existence and life, Him who hath raised us up to
behold the light of the day, and to enjoy all the com-
forts which his world presents, let our hearts send
forth a perpetual hymn of praise. Evening and morn-
ing let us celebrate Him, who maketh the morning
and evening to rejoice over our heads; who openeth
his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.—
Let us rejoice that we are brought into a world, which
is the production of infinite goodness, over which a
supreme intelligence presides; and where nothing
happens, that was not planned and arranged from the
beginning, in his decree.—Blair.

AFFECTING RECOGNITION.

A few years ago, in working to establish a
communication between two shafts of a mine at
Fahkin, the capital of Delacaria, the body of a
miner was discovered in a state of perfect preser-
vation, and impregnated with vitriolic water. It
was quite soft, but hardened on being exposed
to the air. No one could identify the body;
it was merely remembered that the accident by
which he had been buried in the bosom of the
earth, had taken place above fifty years ago.—
All inquiries about the name of the sufferer
had already ceased, when a decrepit old woman,
supported on crutches, slowly advanced towards
the corpse, and knew it to be that of a young
man to whom she had been promised in marriage
more than half a century ago. She threw
herself on the corpse, which had all the appear-
ance of a bronze statue, bathed it with
tears, and fainted with joy at having once more
beheld the object of her affections. It is easier
to conceive than trace the singular contrast
afforded by that couple; the one buried fifty
years ago, still retaining the appearance of
youth; while the other, weighed down by
age, evinced all the terror of youthful love.

From "L'Histoire des Célèbres."

THE DOG OF COGNIOU.

A paper merchant established at Marseilles,
went, in 1817, on a journey to Toulon, and was
assassinated on his return in the wood of Cog-
nion. Notwithstanding the strictest inquiries
made by the son and widow of the deceased,
they could not fall upon the track of the mur-
derer.

Six months thus passed away, about which
time the merchant's son entered one day a
coffee house, where several persons were peace-
ably assembled. Immediately his father's dog,
that had accompanied him, sprung with fury on
a tall lean man, who was enjoying the company
of the ladies. Astonished at this sudden attack,
every one rushed forward to restrain the fur-
ious animal—they beat him with sticks, and
strove to draw him off by force—but all in
vain—the dog redoubled his rage, and contin-
ued to bite his victim, who was pale with fright.

They then applied to his master, who with
the utmost difficulty made him release his pris-
oner, and only could do so, by quickly leaving
the place, when the dog followed him: having
gone about an hundred steps the animal return-
ed re-entered the coffee house and sprang upon
the man.

There was present at the alarming scene an
individual who had been connected in business
with the deceased—and he asked the son, who
was struck with amazement, if his father had
not that dog with him on his melancholy journey
to Toulon. Yes, replied the son, he returned
to the house long before we had any knowl-
edge of the calamity that has ruined us.

During this private conversation, the master,
who had seized a cord and fastened it round
the dog's neck, was holding him with diffi-
culty—when his friend added, if I do not deceive
myself, that man is the murderer of your father
—remain while they are discussing the adver-

ture, and I will go to the commissary for a
guard.

Returning soon after he arrested the individ-
ual suspected, and conducted him to prison.—
On searching him they discovered the mer-
chant's watch, and other jewels, of which he
had deprived the unhappy man. It was proved
besides that on the day of the murder, the
accused had been seen by a girl coming out of
the wood of Cognion. And these proofs
strengthened by other circumstances, con-
demned the accused, who avowed his crime to
the confessor on the scaffold.

Mr. Crawford's History of the Indian Archipelago.

IMPALING A MACASSAR SLAVE.

The criminal was led in the morning to the place
of execution, and laid on his belly, being held by
four men.—The executioner then made a transverse
incision at the lower part of the back bone, and in-
troduced the sharp point of the spike, about six feet
long, made of polished iron, in the wound, so that it
passed between the back bone and skin. Two men
drove it up, along the spine, while the executioner
held the end, and gave it a proper direction, till it
came out between the neck and shoulders. The low-
er end was put into a wooden post and rivetted fast;
the sufferer was lifted up thus impaled, and the post
stuck into the ground. At the top of the post, ten
feet from the ground, there was a little bench on
which the body rested. He did not utter the least
complaint, except when the spike was rivetted; the
hammering and shaking by it seemed intolerable to
him, and he then bellowed out for pain; and again,
when he was lifted up and set in the ground. He
sat in that situation till death put an end to his tor-
ment, which happened the next day at 3 o'clock, P.
M. He owed this speedy termination of his misery to
a light shower of rain, which continued about an
hour, and he died half an hour afterwards.

At Batavia, criminals who have been im-
paled in the dry season, have remained alive for eight or ten
days, without any food or drink, which is prevented
to be given them. One of the surgeons of the city as-
sured me that as soon as water gets into the wound,
it occasions a gangrene, which brings on death almost
immediately. The miserable sufferer continually
complains of insufferable thirst, which is peculiarly
incident to this punishment. The criminals are ex-
posed during the whole day to the burning rays of the
sun, and unceasingly tormented by numerous stinging
insects.

I went to see him again about three hours before
he died, and found him conversing with the bystand-
ers. He related to them the manner in which he
had murdered his master, and expressed his repen-
tance with great composure; an instant afterwards
he burst into the bitterest complaints of unquench-
able thirst, and raved for drink.

DISEASE OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

Many have been the opinions expressed by different
persons, of the nature of the disease with which God
chose to afflict Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon; and
some have imagined that he was really transformed
into a beast. He is indeed said to have been driven
from the company of men for seven years, and to
have dwelt among the beasts of the field. It is said
also that he lived, like them, on grass and that his
hair and nails grew out till they resembled the claws
of birds.—But at the expiration of his period of exile,
every symptom of his malady disappeared, and his
understanding and his kingdom were both restored to
him.

It seems evident from this history that our royal pa-
tient must have suffered from an excessive degree of
hypochondriacal mania; and that under its influence,
he ran into the woods, fancied himself an ox and par-
took of the same food as the herd to which he imagin-
ed himself attached. Laboring for seven years under
so severe a calamity, how could it have been other-
wise than that, from personal neglect, his hair and
nails should have grown to a great length, and given
rise to the comparison spoken above.

Virgil relates the case of the daughter of Prætus,
who was afflicted with this disease, and ran into the
woods, imagining herself a cat.—Servius, too, speaks
of maniacs, who fancying themselves cows, filled the
pastures with their bellowing. There is also record-
ed a remarkable instance of this disorder in a hus-
bandman of Padua, who imagined himself a wolf, and
attacked, and even killed several persons in the fields.
When taken, he persevered in declaring himself a
real wolf, and that the only difference which existed
between himself and other animals of the same class,
consisted in the inversion of the skin and hair.

There seems then to have been nothing mysterious
or unnatural in the disease of Nebuchadnezzar. It is
a disorder which in its milder forms is not uncommon
among us, and which often rests the most powerful
and well directed remedies. According to Ovid, how-
ever, the physician Melampus possessed the power of
removing this disorder *per carmen et herbas*—by
means of his charms and herbs; and we are inclined
to think the failure of more recent endeavors to give
relief to hypochondriacs, is in some measure owing to
a neglect of the former and too exclusive a reliance
on the latter remedy—do a neglect of those means
which immediately affect the understanding, and too
exclusive a reliance on medical substances.

Med. Intel.

HUMOROUS.

Natal Anecdote.—"There are three things, young
gentleman," said Nelson to one of his midshipmen,
in the war of 1793, "which you must constantly bear
in mind.—First, you must always implicitly obey or-
ders, without attempting to form any opinion of your
own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must
consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of
your king; and thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman
as you do the devil."

A witness being called to give his testimony in
court, in the State of New-York, respecting the loss
of a shirt, gave the following: "Mother said, that
Ruth said, that Nell said, that Polly told her, that
she said, that she saw a boy run through the street
with a streaked flannel shirt, all checker, checker, and
our galls won't tire, for mother has whipped 'em
a hundred thousand times for lying."

The following is an epigram on a lady, with an ex-
posed bosom, who wore a key as a brooch.

Quoth a wild wag, it seems to me
Quite odd, do stop and mind it,
To lock a door, and hang the key
Where every fool may find it.

Hush, was the answer "tis a joke,
You'll know it by this token,
No soul can want the key; for look,
The door is left wide open.

A young gentleman, informed by a bill on a win-
dow of a house, that apartments were to be let,
knocked at the door, and attended by a pretty fe-
male, took a survey of the premises.—Pray my dear,
said he, smiling, as you to be let with these lodg-
ings? No, sir, I am to be let alone.

Beware of boasting.—An apothecary, being with a
large company of his neighbors, boasted, that a new
patient, who had been many months confined to his
bed under the care of another apothecary, was out in

twenty-four hours after he began to attend his
"Yes," replied a person present; "I know that to
be a fact: I met him yesterday going to be buried."

Yorkshire Anecdote.—A Lancashire man and a
Yorkshire man, disputing about the superiority of
their respective soils, the former said that the grass
grew so fast in his country, that if you turned a horse
into a new-mown meadow at night, you would not see
his footlocks next morning. That (replied the latter)
does not equal the rapidity of vegetation in Yorkshire
—for were you try that experiment there, it is not
probable that you would see the horse's neck missing.

Esquimaux Eloquence.—Sir Richard Steele
had constructed a very elegant Theatre in his
house for the recitation of various passages from
favorite authors, and wishing to ascertain
whether it was as well calculated to gratify
the ear as the eye, desired the carpenter who
had completed the work, to ascend a pulpit
placed at one end of the building and speak a
few sentences. The carpenter obeyed, and
when mounted, found himself utterly at a loss
for the matter of his harangue. Sir Richard
begged he would pronounce whatever came
first to hand. Thus encouraged, the new came
orator began, and looking steadfastly on the
Knight, in a voice like thunder exclaimed,
"Sir Richard Steele, here I am and these here
men have been doing your work for three
months and never seen the color of your money
and money I must have."—Sir Richard replied,
"That he was in raptures with the eloquence,
but by no means admired the subject."

STEPHEN EMERY,
Counsellor and Attorney at Law,
HAS RESUMED his Office at Paris, County of
Oxford. Business entrusted to his care
will receive his best attention. Nov. 11.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber are notifi-
ed, that his demands are lodged in the Office of
ENOCH LINCOLN, Esq. for collection, and will be
sued, if not soon paid. JOHN WOODBURY.
Paris, Nov. 11, 1824.

Notice.

PERSONS indebted for the carding of wool, at the
Mill, called Cummings's Mill, are requested to
settle the same with ENOCH LINCOLN, with whom
the demands are lodged at present for their accommo-
dation. Paris, Nov. 11, 1824.

NEW GOODS....cheap.

ASA BARTON, Agent,
HAS just received, and offers for sale, at very
low prices for cash,

Bombazetts, various colors and prices; Car-
olines and Scotch Plaids; Cassimere and Imitation
Shawls; Silks and Cotton Handkerchiefs; Tabby Ve-
vets; Strachaw and Lustring Silks; Nankin, Cambré
and Nain Cassimere; Crapes; Ribbons, a large
variety; French Brades; Silk and Kid Gloves; Cel-
ston and Worsted Hosiery; Black and Colored Sewing
Silk and Twist; Real treble gilt Coat and Vest But-
tons; cheap Cent and Vest ditto; Glass and gilt But-
tons; Waist Buckles; Clasps; Snaps; Hooks and
Eyes, &c. &c.

Also—Green, red and yellow Flannels; Sat-
inets; Sheetings; Shirtings; Ginghams; Bedding
ings; Cotton Yarn, warranted good, or no sale; Kilt-
ings; Wicking, &c. &c. Nov. 11.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership existing under the firm of
& E. SHAW, will expire on the 8th October
ensuing.

ALPHEUS SHAW,
ELIAS SHAW.

THE subscriber, grateful for past favors, would re-
form his friends and customers that he continues
business at the old stand. All indebted to the old
firm of A. & E. Shaw, are requested to make pay-
ment, without delay, to Alpheus Shaw, who is duly
authorized to adjust the same. These notes and ac-
counts of more than six months standing will be paid
in suit without further notice.

Portland, Sept. 23.

HORACE SEAVER,
Chambers over No's. 1 and 3, Mitchell's Buildings,
PORTLAND.

(Entrance at No. 2.)
HAS JUST RECEIVED, on consignment, a large
assortment of

American, English, French, and India
GOODS—such as:

Bales brown SHIRTING and SHEETING;
Do. Bleached do.
Do. Washington TICKING;
Do. Northbridge and Wrentham do;
Do. PLAIDS, STRIPES and CHECKS;
Do. Cotton YARN, all numbers;
Do. BATTING, for Comforters;
70 Pieces SATINETTES, blue, drab and mix'd;
30 do. BROADCLOTHS and CASSIMERES;
60 do. FLANNELS, assorted colors;
150 do. BOMBAZETTS, assorted colors, fig'd
and plain;
100 do. American CALICOES;
200 do. English do.
do. 4-4 French do.

German and Flag Handkerchiefs.—Cotton
Flag, and Madras do; Merino, silk and cotton
Shawls; Black, blue and green silk Velvet; Black
fig'd Velvet and silk Vesting; Valencia do; Caroline
Plaids; Black sewing Silk; Boxes Gauze; Fig'd
Plaid, and Taffeta Ribbons; Galoons; 100 gross
Fancy Silk Buttons; Black, Sarnetts; Green Flax-
ence; Black, Drab and Green Levantines; Pearl
Striped and Fig'd Gros de Naples; Sewing Cottons,
all numbers and colors; Boxes Cotton Balls; Kilt-
ing Cottons; 300 gross Glass and Metal Buttons;
Writing, Wrapping, Printing, Sheathing and Bonnet
Paper; Binder's and Bandbox Boards; Looking
Glasses; Men's Women's and Children's Morocco
and Leather SHOES; which will be sold at such prices
as cannot fail to please.

Oct. 30.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the Oct. 4
Bookstore, SCOTT'S FAMILY BIBLE, in 12
volumes—last American Edition. It will be sold
cheap.

Oct. 7.

BLANK PRINTING, &c. executed at
this office.

What Cato did and Addison
not be wrong!" said Eustace Bu-
himself over the side of a Bu-
Thames, with a couple of nine-
his coat pockets. It was rather
after all, of imitating Cato. I
these lines, I should have done
Utician did *ad puer de la tetr*
truth, I have no such notion,
to die with his puddings out, like

OX

VOL. I.

DESULTORY

FROM BLACKVO
THE SUICIDE.

Basta.—I'll think no more a-
closed the account, and bring
to death. All that remains to
how I am to do the business. I
ing all the suicides I could gat-
last week, and I do not find on-
formable to my ideas on the sub-

Shall I blow my brains out?
uncle Nicholas is not present, for
used always to say that I had
was never a calumniator. No
my brains out, even supposing I
is a dirty way: a man's collar is
and his shirt most disagreeably
batter and blood. Then you
gusting-looking devil, actually
sensitive coroner and a sympa-
pious powder. Besides after all,
Robespierre, for instance, as
disfigured himself awfully, and
enough to gratify the kind peop-
a guillotine exhibition, *al fresco*.
If you miss, the cursed report of
up the household, and you are
their civil interference from
"rash act;" and in any case, you
with a filthy smoke, smelling
of sulphur. There is not a co-
kitchen, but would say, "Ay, a
was wanted sure enough—the
looking for him. When he call-
help coming, poor gentleman!
smell of brimstone, my dear, in
would knock down a horse.
concoche would remark, "No do-
he has gone bang, four-in-hand,
will get enough of that ere com-

It is then a ruled point that I s-
my brains out.—Cut my thro-
notion. Yet stop awhile. Do
jection of bedaubing myself ho-
O surely, and in a tenfold degre-
besides, give yourself the trouble
your cravat; and you may mis-
have known people to slit the
have the wound cobbled up by
surgeon, and live as the news-
respectable members of society.
hit the carotid, for I do not know
and if I did, there would be some-
with his jest, ready to call me.
cutting so-and-so." I am more
that I must hurt a man sadly to
I remember once upon a time I
cut me into the bone while shav-
was so stung with pain that I
down. Should not I then be ap-
first ear to hurt myself ten times
the knight of the pole? Just the
razor going through your ear
mere thought is hideous. Razor
not cut my throat for a thousand
I poison myself? What! die
rat? Not I, I thank you. That
ing in the scale of creation mos-
Then what a pretty account of
appearance there would be in the
The body of the unfortunate
blown up like a tun, and there
green-green spots all over his cou-
right eye was drawn down to his
his left twisted up over his
pretty, pretty picture in truth!
up a sheet medically descript
with their effects, symptoms, &
the guts, burning of the stomach
the throat, shivering of the si-
of the tongue, twisting of the
thousand other disagreeable ap-
sues, you would, during the tim-
tion, be wishing yourself all man-
for being so great a goose, and
deed undone. Believe me, you
it sadly. If you were discovered
there would be, and what a veh-
of uncleanly draughts your unfor-
would be made. "Pour down a
melted butter," one fellow w-
pour it down without a moment
it be an alkali poison he h-
another would put in his woi-
with an acid.—All my life I
jargon of the chemists. "Give
antimony," would be the cry of
ing in the whole world is so eff-
mistakes, a fourth would
tincture of poluphloisiole.
fellow would be a quack doctor,
out a patent for the tincture—a
brandy and tobacco water.] In-
flemman, when he falls into
has the privilege of taking a sw-
out his bowels. What is to be
Cato of Utica did the same.

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